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Memphis, Tenn.

March 8, 1919.
Saturday: —

Precious Lost Heart: —

Just received your short letter of Thursday and the one received yesterday did not take me very long to read. And you called me stingy? Never mind, Lost, I sure do love you anyway even if you don't love me enough to write me five minutes more.

I realize how busy you must have been, but, honey, it is torture to make me wait until Monday for a bit of news. Last week I have been looking forward to Saturday for my big letter. And finally when it does come, my honey, much hubby writes "To-morrow". Dear, heart, I sure do miss I were with you — you are so busy and no one there to cheer and comfort you. Never mind precious, the time is getting

shorter and shorter as each day passes. It will soon be here. I will write you a big letter again on Monday if it is at all possible. I sure do wish, love, I had that big letter, but as you say I shall be happy when I read of what you have done, I shouldn't complain. I know you must have been rushed some. I really, thank God, that things are going so wonderfully well for us, – so why should I grumble because business has kept you busy?

Well, honey, tomorrow Faige gets married. We had supper last night at "Tante" Nellie's house. Did that remind me of the Friday before our wedding? Lord love, did I miss and long for you? Mean heart, it was simply awful. But I started to think how we would figure 2 months before we got married, and gradually it crept up until it was one month, then we counted the days, and finally the day did come. Now I can hardly realize that 8 months have passed by. Can you, honey? When I saw everything, love, I actually felt as though it was for our wedding. Thats a fact, the time seems to have just pass over so quickly. So I am sure this separation of ours will pass – quickly. I hope so, anyway. Faige sure has an ideal day. It is lovely out now, although this morning it hardly looked & felt, like rain or snow.

Was at the house when your letter came this morning, so lonely, you see I know some of

the good news of your letter already. I also have an inkling of your news about Mr. Prister as I read your previous letter to mama. But, Honey, I want to read it in my own letter. I want to read among the lots of news how much you love me and long for me, and how much you want me. You have absolutely no idea how much I long to hear from you, and while some people marvel at a letter each day that single letter hardly suffices the longing I have for you.

Well, love, I shan't hear from you again until Monday. That sure is a long time, but dear I shall be thinking of you all, all the time. All my love to my darling, precious hubby. Don't forget to take care of yourself, busy or not busy, understand?

Lovingly
Your devoted wifey